

April Grandmothers Preserve the Beauty of their Younger Days

BEFORE she became duchess of Manchester Miss Ymaga of New Orleans was considered the prettiest girl in the south. After her marriage to the duke of Manchester she went abroad and immediately became queen of England's smart set.

Today the dowager duchess, as she has become, is one of the handsomest women in England. They call her "the April Grandmother." Her complexion is young and beautiful and her figure fine. When she attended the christening of her grandchild some months ago she was the most attractive woman in the great church. Her daughter-in-law, the present duchess of Manchester, looked scarcely more youthful than she.

"I may be a grandmother, but I am going to be an April grandmother," said the beautiful Mrs. Cornwallis West when her daughter, Sheila, married the duke of Westminster. And, when some one smilingly asked Mrs. Langtry what kind of a grandmother she would be to the children of her

**No Longer Do They Creep
Into the Background with
the Coming of the Third
Generation.**



MRS. LANGTRY LOOKS YOUNGER THAN HER DAUGHTER

York banker. And Bernhardt—the wonderful and incomparable—is also a grandmother and has been one these many years.

Many April Grandmothers.

Of April grandmothers, there is a great supply in society. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, though she has a son still in school, is a grandmother several times over. Her daughter, the duchess of Marlborough, has given her two fine grandsons, and her son, W. K. Vanderbilt Jr., has a rapidly growing nursery.

Mrs. Secretary Hay, young and alert, is another April grandmother, while Mrs. William Astor, New York's active society leader, is not only a grandmother but a great grandmother. One of her granddaughters is married to Robert Collier, a popular publisher, and her grandson, J. J. Van Allen Jr., is married with a family. So neither grandchildren nor great grandchildren make a woman old.

The world has many April grandmothers, but none as many as it should have. In these days of youthful marriages the third generation puts in an appearance early, and the woman who, but a few years before, was a young woman now finds herself in the background—hopelessly shelved as a grandmother!

A woman need not be old as soon as she is a grandmother. Yet there is something in the term, a certain aging, a certain passing into history which makes a woman feel as though it were time to lay herself back upon the shelf, time

for her to creep into the background of retirement.

A woman who is prominent in Chicago society declares that the day she became a grandmother that same day she started in to make herself younger.

"I realized," said she, "that I belonged to the third generation, and I resolved to look as pretty as I could."

"So I went to a hair dresser and had my hair done up a new way. I had its color restored. It was a little streaked and I had it massaged and made all of one color, which was a glossy brown. Then I had it dressed in the new pompadour, which rolls back from the face in the most fetching manner."

"Two days later, after my family had duly admired me, I sought out a wrinkle specialist and had him smooth out my wrinkles. I had him work on my forehead until my frown was gone. I found I had been scowling wickedly and as soon as he touched the wrinkles I saw that they could be removed—that they were not necessary wrinkles. Three days of massage took them out. But, of course, I realized that they would return unless I kept them massaged away."

"Then," continued the woman, "I went still further in my work of improvement. I had read that there were such things as April grandmothers and I determined to be one."

Acquires Slender Figure.

"I made a critical study of my daughter-in-law and myself. Even from a back view—not showing my face—I looked older than she. And I realized that the difference lay in our weight. My shoulders were wide and fat and my neck was heavy, while her figure was slight. She looked 20 and I looked 50, seen from any view."

"So I began to diet. You may talk about exercise. It is all right. But you must diet also. I limited my coffee to one cup for breakfast and my tea to one cup. I drank nothing between meals. When I felt thirsty I took a mouthful of fruit. I kept a peach, a pear, or an orange near at hand, and when my mouth felt parched I took a bite of fruit."



MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY, FIRST CALLED BY KING EDWARD "A BEAUTIFUL APRIL GRANDMOTHER"

You see I had been a great water drinker before my reformation.

"Then, as I did not decrease in weight fast enough, I asked the advice of a friend. She was a popular actress and she gained considerable fame by reducing her weight nearly sixty pounds in a season. 'I walked instead of riding,' said she, 'and, of course, I dieted.'

"Well, I followed her advice. I left the horses in the stable and I walked. Each morning, at the first tinkle of my alarm clock, I arose and dressed hastily. I then went out for a walk. I would walk an hour, come back and make a leisurely toilet and be ready for the day."

How She Should Dress.

"But I found that I was still a long way behind, when it came to a comparison with my daughter-in-law, so I consulted her as to the cause."

"I want to be young," I said, making a clean breast of it. "And I want to be attractive. Can you tell me the secret of youth?"

"Dress more youthfully," said she. And then being a good hearted girl, she advised me. And her advice was good. "Stop wearing costumes," said she, "and put on shirt-waists. Choose pretty, well fitting waists and let them be up to date. Don't wear a bit of lace around your throat or a soft stock. But let your neck be trim and youthful. Try a linen collar or a stiff stock, or something smart and young. Elderly women look so mature with their lace stocks."

"Then," continued she, "while on the subject of dress, let me advise you about your boots. You are wearing old fashioned low flat heels. Why do you not try to wear the fashionable Cuban or military heel? It is all a matter of practice."

Appears Ten Years Younger.

"She then added a few more words of good advice on the dress question. And I followed her hints. Within a week I was wearing the dip belt, the semi-high heel, the neat little shirtwaist with linen collar, and a pretty skirt of sweep length. I wore a natty Eton and I wore my hair low with a ribbon bow. The metamorphosis was complete. I had grown ten years younger."

"I am now what you would call an April grandmother. I look almost as young as I did twenty-five years ago, and I am considered attractive. In my position as one of the leaders of society I am not ashamed to pose as a society leader and a grandmother, too."



BERNHARDT HAS NOT A WRINKLE IN HER FACE

daughter, Jean, she said: "I shall be a young grandmother. You may be sure of that."

Mrs. James Brown Potter, slender as a girl, charmingly chic, beautiful in coloring and delightful in manner, is a grandmother. Her daughter married Mr. Stillman, the New

Runs Away to Wed in an Ambulance

RHOPE ladders, duplicate keys, drugs for the seneschal, battle for the guards, moonlight gallop through primrose forests, combat with pursuers, and a Gretchen Green at the end of adventure—all of these time honored properties and settings for runaway weddings must give way to the strictly modern, up to date method adopted by a girl of North Bergen, N. J., who was locked up by her stern and solicitous parents to keep her from meeting or marrying the man of her choice.

To all intents and purposes she was "locked in a donjon keep"; guards in the persons of mother, father, relatives, and servants patrolled the walls; the lover, sighing like a furnace, was forbidden even to approach the house of his innamorata. The young people had plighted troth and were ready to marry. Ready! They were indeed determined, enthusiastic! The girl had no sooner mentioned her plan than her father, ably assisted by his wife, rushed her into her little boudoir and locked her in. They told her that she must forget Julius. That she was too young and he too poor. Meanwhile word was sent to the ardent Julius that if he approached the Fromberg domicile it must be at his peril.

Vainly he endeavored his brains for a plan of elopement. He knew that his sweetheart was willing, but how to approach her? That was the problem. But lo! The quick wit of the immured maiden found a way. A few blocks from her home appeared the dark walls of the North Hudson hospital. She knew there was a pair of swift horses, a rubber tire ambulance, and a most sagacious young man named Albert Meyer in charge of the telephone. Downstairs in the Fromberg home there was a telephone, but the girl was not permitted to leave her apartment. She must needs communicate with Julius Braun, her sweetheart, and with the ambulance driver, Meyer, if she would escape from her prison. But what's the use of describing her proceedings when she is willing to discuss them herself?

"I just had to do it," she said, laughing at the memory of her now most famous ruse. "Mamma and papa were dead against my marrying Mr. Braun, and after I was locked in my room I thought of a hundred plans to escape. I tried to remember all the old romances I had read; how the heroines made ropes of the bedclothes; how they waved signals from their dungeons, and how the brave heroes came to the rescue with gallant retainers, fast coach horses, and waving pennons to carry off the long suffering girls. But these didn't seem to apply to my case. I was beginning to despair when I happened to pick up an old newspaper."

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"The next morning when my breakfast dishes were taken away by my little brother I asked him to come back, as I wanted to send for some medicine. Then I wrote a letter to Albert Meyer explaining my plans. He was to acquaint Mr. Braun with the whole scheme and was to expect a hurry up call from our house at 3 o'clock that afternoon. My brother, who was warned to carry no letters between Julius and me, was allowed to take my letter unopened to the hospital. In half an hour he brought me back a two ounce vial of milk-bogus medicine—but on the label in small lettering was the sign 'O. K.'"

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"The next morning when my breakfast dishes were taken away by my little brother I asked him to come back, as I wanted to send for some medicine. Then I wrote a letter to Albert Meyer explaining my plans. He was to acquaint Mr. Braun with the whole scheme and was to expect a hurry up call from our house at 3 o'clock that afternoon. My brother, who was warned to carry no letters between Julius and me, was allowed to take my letter unopened to the hospital. In half an hour he brought me back a two ounce vial of milk-bogus medicine—but on the label in small lettering was the sign 'O. K.'"

"Right after luncheon I got down the old carbolic acid bottle, put a little water in it, disarranged the room, pulled down the shades, and began to work myself up into a sort of suicidal hallucination. I even tasted the water in the bottle, but it didn't even burn my tongue. At half-past 2 I threw myself on the couch, holding the labeled bottle in my hand, and began to shiver. My brother and mother came up the stairs pell-mell and rushed into my room. I moaned and groaned, slobbering as much as I could and yelling for all I was worth: 'Send for the ambulance, mamma! Take away the poison! Take it away! I want to live, I want to live! Send for the ambulance!'

"My mother began to cry, but she ran downstairs, and in the midst of her dying convulsions I wanted to laugh. I could hear her calling frantically for the North Hudson hospital, and in a few moments she was back holding my head, chafing my hands, and calling on me to get well. She promised me everything, and I began to feel pretty mean about my deception. But just then I heard the clang of the ambulance gong. Albert Meyer rushed in at the front door and up the

steps three at a time. No time was to be lost. My mother told him that I had swallowed carbolic acid. He looked at the half empty bottle, shook his head, picked me up in his arms as if I had been a baby, and carried me out to his ambulance.

"Mamma and brother wanted to accompany me, but they went back into the house to get their wraps, and that was my chance. 'Drive to Judge Stuke's,' I whispered to him, stretching myself out on the cushions, and in another second he had mounted his seat and put his horses to the gallop. I could hear him laughing as he rattled the big gong and shouted to passersby to get out of the road. Sometimes he would look back at me, his big, good natured face all grinning with the escapade, but he drove like a fiend till at last I could feel the ambulance slowing up. The horses came to a walk, and then we stopped."

"Of course, Julius was waiting for me at Judge Stuke's house. He carried me in wrapped in a blanket just for the looks of things, for I was fully dressed, and except for a hat, ready for my honeymoon trip. It took the judge about five minutes to marry us, but it seemed like half an hour, for I couldn't get rid of the notion that papa and mamma

would be after me before I could make good my escape."

"We had raced down Bergenline avenue and out Lewis street right past papa's store, and by the time we arrived at Judge Stuke's house there must have been a hundred people running after the ambulance. Julius telephoned for a carriage, and when we came out, man and wife now, I was scared nearly to death expecting to find my parents in the waiting crowd. But they weren't there. We had ten minutes to catch an outgoing train, and we caught it."

"We got off the train in Sullivan county, Pa., and went to the hotel. I got the newspapers next morning and found out for the first time what a horrible thing it is to be the 'heroine' of a romantic elopement. Still, I don't mind telling how I did it. There may be other girls in just as bad a fix as I was in, and if they can get any encouragement from my experience they're welcome to it. I did feel terribly ashamed over the way I fooled mamma. She and my little brother had gone to the hospital, and there they waited nearly an hour for the ambulance to show up."

"Poor Albert Meyer had to break the news to them, and I guess mamma gave him an awful lecture for his part in it. But she acted just as I thought she would. I wrote to her and she sent me my clothes. We took a short wedding journey and then went home to be forgiven. Of course they forgave us. We hadn't done anything wrong, and they knew it. There simply isn't any way to stop a girl and her sweetheart from getting married if they've made up their minds. Ask mamma! Happy? Of course, we're all happy, and I'm not sure but mamma and papa are just as glad over the success of my ruse as Julius and I are. It beat the regular, prosaic wedding all to pieces."